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gcole\9590212 (Brendon Floyd)

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25/03/2022 13:23:24

THE POLITICAL

Behold base *FALSHOOD* views Man's bliss,
Then sinks into her dark abyss,
While Freedom lives on *GALLIA*'s shore,
Where Tyranny shall reign no more.

Behold the spell of *prie/craft*'s broke,
And Man disdains its galling yoke;
Base Superstition, Bigotry,
Now vanish before *LIBERTY*!

THE POLITICAL

A massy pile you have whose intellect doth springs, fir,
A two-headed *hydra*, that's fit for any thing, fir;
They *ab* their parts most *farical* in *legislative* story,
And prove to you they have four hearts by the *masks* of
Whigg and *Tory*.

O! what a glorious, &c. &c. &c.

Your b---h of b---s too, I find are very *modest* jobbers,
The *tenth* of your insulted land is *piser'd* by those r---s;
And he that cannot pay the *tythe* perhaps because he's poor,
Those *christian-saints* will lead and drive the cattle from
his door,

O what a *religious*! what a *reverend*! what a *pious*
Constitution!

And now to make conclusion, I'll give you just one reason,
I hope their *sapient* Lordships won't accuse me of *High*
Treason

The reason's really simple, 'twill avert a *rising* storm, fir,
Repeal your *penal* laws, and facilitate *REFORM*, fir.

Then let Liberty! glorious Liberty! heav'n-born
Liberty!—frame your Constitution

CAPTIVITY.

A FRAGMENT.

Written by the AUTHOR during his suffering and unjust
imprisonment for his opinions!

WHAT can avail? The sons of envious strife,
Have arm'd with shafts malign—the hand of pow'r;
What smooth those bonds which rend the victims life,
Or sooth that grief a hapless Parent's dour?
PHILOSOPHY; sweet balm for four affliction's woes,
Borne up by *TRUTH* whilst Life's rough paths are trod,
Ev'n to the *Captive's* soul can give repose,
And break the force of base oppression's rod!

SONG.

The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,
Its just precepts unerring pursue;
Convinc'd *TRUTH* and *REASON* must be in the right,
Since base *prejudice* fades at their view.
Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.
'Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,
MANKIND could I once behold *FREE*;
Those joys with my breath will I freely resign,
That *NEW AGES* may taste them like me.

HARMONIST.

Should a prince amongst us for admission attend,
We'd look to his *MERIT*—his *title* despise;
He must first be propos'd by a *BROTHER* and *Friend*,
Whom before all his honours and riches we prize!
He perhaps may think hard, that his pleasure's debarr'd,
And plead prior right from *illustrious* birth;
But his virtues are seen, in a *black* or *white* bean,
Before we admit him in freedom and mirth.

Should base *spies* or *informers* by chance enter here,

HARMONIST.

SONG.

On the introduction of the *Convention Bill* in open vio-
lation of *MAGNA CHARTA*.

Air. *Life's like a ship.*

BRITONS will ye be degraded,
By a base *Convention Bill*?
Shall our Rights be all invaded,
Laws be made our blood to spill?
Tyrants and their wretched minions,
Thus usurp a lawless sway,
Whilst *penion'd* *knaves* make slaves of millions,
And tamely ye those wrongs survey!

Where's your *loasted* Constitution?
Where's the freedom of your Laws?
Thro'out the State see *prostitution*—
Blasting *LIBERTY*'s just cause!
See *Tories* squand'ring all your riches,
In wars against the human race;
Whilst *Whiggs* to gain the *leaves* and *fishes*,
Time-serving rogues cry out for peace!

How long must Tyrants rule victorious
O'er this lost degraded isle?
Or Britons live as *slaves* inglorious,
Ere *LIBERTY* shall deign to smile?
Let's persevere with Truth and spirit
'Till tyrants from their thrones are hurl'd;
Our long lost *RIGHTS* again t'inheret,
And live the glory of the world!

D 2

SONG.

THE POLITICAL

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Now vanish before **LIBERTY!**

Behold their arms support the Cause.

THE POLITICAL

SONG.

MORE PLOTS.

AIR. Bow wow wow.

TO what a state of slavery, of want, and degradation,
See Britons now reduc'd—once a great and valiant nation;
Their Rights and Liberties destroy'd by tyrants and their
minions,

With death or botany-bay should they utter their opinions!
mum, mum, mum, &c.

Conspiracies and Plots we see daily fabricated,
The horrid perpetrators confin'd—then liberated!
And now this daring outrage his M——y to kill, sirs,
Was fram'd by Ministers to pass their grand Convention
Bill, sirs.
mum, mum, mum, &c.

A proclamation offering One Thousand Pound reward, sirs
Was stuck about on ev'ry post lest justice should retard, sirs
But honest men informers hate, state-bribery and lies, sirs
So few were apprehended except by trading spies, sirs.
mum, mum, mum, &c.

Now see our heav'n-born ministry great finder of sedition,
In the goose-pye talk of treasons, and high crimes without
remission;

See Grenville foams, and rants, and raves, devoid of truth
and reason,
To prove men meeting peaceably—commit *construative*
treason!
mum, mum, mum, &c.

The rev'rend bishop H——y of wisdom and renown, sirs
Like his honest friend old Teddy B——ke would crush whole
millions down, sirs;
He said the people had no Rights in Monarchy's grand
cause, sirs;
The only right he would allow was to obey its Laws, sirs.
mum, mum, mum, &c.

There's

The RELIGION of NATURE
Its just precepts unerring pursue;
Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,
Since base *prejudice* fades at their view.
Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.
'Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,
MANKIND could I once behold FREE;
Those joys with my breath will I freely resign,
That NEW AGES may taste them like me.

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Before we admit him in freedom and mirth.

Should base spies or informers by chance enter here,
They should be treated as they should be treated.

HARMONIST.

There's P-tt, D--d-s, and W--b-f--e, with other plun-
d'ring thieves, sirs,
Those penal Bills support assisted by John Reeves sirs;
Whose Petitions and Addresses fill'd with learning sense,
and loyalty,
Were chiefly signed by pensioners--the greatest friends to
royalty. mum, mum, mum, &c.

But the real friends to government, good government I
mean, sirs;
To petition against wicked pow'r in open day are seen, sirs;
And tho' corrupted ministers our LEGAL RIGHTS deny, sirs
Still Britons for a JUST REFORM will conquer or die, sirs.
mum, mum, mum, &c.

To conclude Friends and Citizens, our LIBERTIES are
gone, sirs,
Next time we meet the magistrates observe what's said
and done, sirs;
But let them come like hireling Spies in me they'll surely
find, sirs,
That tho' they chain my hands and tongue--they can't en-
slave my MIND, sirs. mum, mum, mum, &c.

SONG.

GALLIC LIBERTY.

AIR. When gen'rous wine.

COME FREEDOM's sons now bend the knee,
To glorious GALLIC LIBERTY!
Avaunt ye slaves—ye monarchic crew,
And give th' enlighten'd world its due.
No longer shall the wretched go
To Bastilles fill'd with dreary woe!

THE POLITICAL

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Behold the spell of *priestcraft*'s broke,
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Base Superstition, Bigotry,
Now vanish before **LIBERTY**!

Behold their arms support the Cause

THE POLITICAL

A king we find's an useless toy,
The tyrant falls—express your joy!
Then why should we at life repine,
Give us **FREEDOM**'s laws divine;
Fill with **REASON** wisdom's bowl,
Let **RIGHTS** of **MAN** thro' Nations roll,
Ever happy, ever **FREE**!
Hail! sweet goddess **LIBERTY**!
Our brows with **GALLIC** chaplets crown,
Drive deadly Despotism down.

LINES.

ON EQUALITY.

CELESTIAL form! Nature's first grand design,
Ere base ambition found its way on earth;
Or falshood rose, opposing **TRUTH** divine,
Which to corrupted systems soon gave birth.

Thy noble energies, alas! are gone,
And to the prejudic'd not understood;
Thou with enlighten'd men art found alone,
For thou residest only with the **GOOD**.

How have the *panders* of a guilty state,
Amongst the ignorant decry'd thy fame?
Falsely asserting—that the rich and great
Would be destroy'd, or *levell'd* by thy name!

To strip vain glory of its gaudy dress,
Of what had first its rise from Folly's plan;
VIRTUE promote, and ev'ry vice suppress—
Is to support our simple title **MAN**!

That

The **RELIGION** of **NATURE** shall be my delight,
Its just precepts unerring pursue;
Convinc'd **TRUTH** and **REASON** must be in the right,
Since base *prejudice* fades at their view.
Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.
'Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,
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Should base *spies* or *informers* by chance enter here,

HARMONIST.

That one Man should take solely for his use,
What would the wants of thousands satisfy,
And lavish it in **OFFICES** profuse,
Is rank oppressive *inequality*!

The base *calumniators* of thy worth,
Are the supporters of oppression's cause;
They dread the moment thou shalt issue forth—
Dispensing **EQUAL RIGHTS** and **EQUAL LAWS**

HEALTH and **FRATERNITY** shall then be found,
Then ev'ry Nation **LIBERTY** shall hail!
REASON and **TRUTH** in ev'ry clime abound,
And **JUSTICE**—**EQUAL JUSTICE** poise the scale.

SONG.

A NEW FOUR-AND-TWENTY FIDLERS.

FOUR-and-twenty Fidlers all on a-row,
And they all struck up the *loyal* tune of—
View, Britannia, Britannia view the waves,
On which thy darling sons are *slaves*!

Four-and-twenty of the *swinish* multitude, all on a-row,
Well, Neighbours, what think ye of the weight
of *taxes*, we must petition Parliament for a repeal,
and then we'll sing to the *loyal* tune of—
View, Britannia, &c. &c.

Four-and-twenty *democratic-politicians* all on a-row,
Let us send word to our brethern in the *British*
Convention to enquire what they think of the *taxes*,
and if they mean to petition, &c. &c.

Four-

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147

41

HARMONIST.

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HARMONIST.

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SONNET.

EMIGRATION.

OR THE PATRIOT'S LAST RESOURSE.

AIR. *In the downhill of Life.*

IN LIBERTY's cause I could yield up my life,
 'Tis *bondage* that renders it base;
 I'll soon quite this land of curst *faction* and strife,
 To seek out a happier place!
 Where Tyrants and Slaves are not known to exist,
 Nor Whigg nor base Tory mislead 'em,
 Where each PATRIOT soul shall with me join the first,
 To support the great standard of FREEDOM!

There under the shade of my fig-tree enjoy
 The solacing talk of my friends,
 With no taxes to plague me, nor tythes to destroy
 The blessings which PROVIDENCE sends;
 I'll keep in reserve *Thomas Pain's* RIGHTS of MAN,
 And lend them to all that can read 'em;
 And teach those who can't it was HE form'd the plan
 To support the great standard of FREEDOM!

In sweet PEACE and PLENTY live crown'd ev'ry season,
 With a Partner that's just to my mind;
 My Religion not *priestcraft*,—but blest TRUTH and
 REASON,

To love GOD! and do good to MANKIND!
 And when that old age to long life brings a close,
 The praises of fools—I shan't need 'em—
 But grave on the tomb where my ashes repose,—
 "The remains of a true SON of FREEDOM!"

SONG.

THE POLITICAL

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THE POLITICAL

Four-and-twenty *Jacobins* all on a-row,
Sing *ca ira*, and arm the friends of Liberty with
pikes and daggers to exterminate wicked Ministers,
and send word to our brethren, &c. &c.

Four-and-twenty of the *privy-council* all on a-row,
Let us formally examine the papers, and commit
to the **TOWER** all those *vile traitors* who sing *ca ira*,
and arm the friends of Liberty, &c. &c.

Four-and-twenty *members of parliament* all on a-row,
Mister Speaker, I humbly move that the act of
Habeas Corpus be suspended that the *swinish multi-*
tude may not take advantage thereof, and we'll for-
mally examine the papers, &c. &c.

Four-and-twenty *Republicans* all on a-row,
D--n the—and all the a--f---y! did you ever
hear such an *infamous* speech as Mister Speaker, I
humbly move, &c. &c.

Four-and-twenty *Aldermen* all on a-row,
We, your M---y's most *loyal* and *dutiful* subjects
taking into our *wife* consideration the *just* and *ne-*
cessary war, in which you and your *faithful allies*
are engaged, do now with fear and trembling ap-
proach your r---l throne, and d--n the—, &c. &c.

Four-and-twenty *Spital-fields-weavers* all in a-row,
How many thousands of our Brethren are daily
slaughter'd in this shameful contest abroad. whilst
the **LOOM** is shackled at home, and a set of *stupid*
*gormandizing griffins** cry—“We, your M---y's
loyal and *dutiful* subjects, &c. &c. &c.”

* The **CITY ARMS** are supported by *Griffins*, with the
following singular motto--*Domine dirige nos*!

SONNET.

HARMONIST.
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147

HARMONIST.

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146

HARMONIST.

39

Tyrants! Tyrants! they've conquer'd those Tyrants!--
 Forc'd *belter skelter* their *vassals* to run:

See! LIBERTY's *mirror*! has struck them with *terror*!
 And made the *knaves* fly at the sound of a *drum*!

Next the *Pope* in *concerta* his *Banditti* leads,
 Of *refractory priests* against freedom of thought,
 But he will be d---d with his *crosses* and *beads*,
 For vile *traitors* or *bigots* they care not a jot;
 No longer *St. Peter*, such humbugs hell meet here,
 His *bell*, *book*, and *candle-light* nought will avail,
 At such *fool fright'ning maces*, they now set their faces,
 And to tumble his HOLINESS never will fail.

Then *Pitt* and his *minions* next join'd in the rob,
 Their *fleets* and their *armies* 'gainst Freedom did raise,
 But their *plots* and *intrigues* cost poor *Louis* his *nob*,
 And their *crusade* 'gainst France ended *monarchy's* days
 Oh, *Billy*, *Billy*! you must look very silly,
 When the great men in France come to make their
 demands;

You must e'er be in dread, lest they call for your head,
 Before they consent to make PEACE or *shake-hands*.

The despots in *Brussels* were next in a *sweat*,
 And *Cobourg* and *York* were both in a *shake*,
 They knew they must give up their *lying gazette*,
 For true sons of Freedom possession to take;
 Freedom! Freedom! French Flanders and Freedom!
 No *bribes* or *corruption* they longer shall see,
 Free GALLIA's sons, 'midst their thund'ring guns,
 Shall plant round with laurels fair Liberty's TREE!

What a pretty kick-up there was next at the *Hague*,
 Their *High Mightinesses* all put to their last shift,
 The approach of the French was worse than a plague,
 For the *national-razor-s-a-sharp* new-year's gift:
 The mighty *Stadholder*, with his *Son* so much bolder,
 By armies united were forc'd quick to fly,

Whilst

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See! LIBERTY's mirror! has struck them with terror!
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Next the Pope in concerta his Banditti leads,
Of refractory priests against freedom of thought,
But he will be d---d with his crosses and beads,
For vile traitors or bigots they care not a jot;
No longer St. Peter, such humbugs hell meet here,
His bell, book, and candle-light nought will avail,
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16

THE POLITICAL

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38

THE POLITICAL

SONG.

THE PROGRESS OF LIBERTY.

AIR. Prussian drum.

THE spirit of LIBERTY's spreading so fast,
That all d---d usurpers are down in the mouth,
They know they must surely be tumbled at last,
From the states in the North, to the states in the South,
Freedom! freedom! ALL must have freedom!
No despotic Emperors longer they'll bear,
Their swords are unsheathed, their ardour is heated,
And their Liberties longer no pow'r can ensnare.
Tol de rol lol, &c.

Duke Frederick rush'd foremost in despotic rage,
To make war against God and the good of mankind;
But famine and fire 'gainst his armies did wage,
His eyes now are open'd tho' first he seem'd blind:
Prussia, Prussia! freedom to Prussia!
Down with the Despot, and strike off his head—
No longer such rascals, shall keep men in *bastilles*,
Their treacherous pow'r will shortly be dead.

Then Leopold next united was seen,
By vile machinations of queen Antoinette;
But from his defeat she acquir'd such a spleen,
And the Guillotine only concluded her fret.
Austria, Austria! freedom to Austria!
No despotic Tyrants they longer will bear;
And for petty princes, they've broke down their fences,
And sent them to govern the d---d knows where!
The king of Sardinia too with them did join,
To drive the poor French to the kingdom of nod;
But much to his cost they've gain'd Nice and Savoy,
And planted the true love of FREEDOM---of God!

Tyrants,

Wickham Esq

HARMONIST

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 And plead prior right from illustrious birth;
 But his virtues are seen, in a black or white bean,
 Before we admit him in freedom and mirth.

Should base spies or informers by chance enter here,
 Where nought but good-fellowship jocund should reign
 To our MOTTO each Brother will strictly adhere,
 And shew those their vices, whilst TRUTH we explain;
 Animosities fell, let us ever expel—
 To the demons of discord and sanction on earth,
 Merry MOMUS shall doff, the grim fiends with a laugh!
 And PEACE rule triumphant in freedom and mirth.

Then as true SONS of FREEDOM now join hand in hand,
 Abide by your rules and in concord agree;
 Our efforts united success shall command,
 Whilst we grasp at the blossoms of LIBERTY's tree;
 May your pleasures increase, till you've finish'd life's race,
 And may all friends to LIBERTY flourish on earth,
 May HARMONY spread its bright beams round each head,
 And confirm us the true sons of freedom and mirth.



E

SONG.

THE POLITICAL

Behold base FALSHOOD views Man's bliss,
 Then sinks into her dark abyss,
 While Freedom lives on GALLIA's shore,
 Where Tyranny shall reign no more.
 Behold the spell of *prie craft's* broke,
 And Man disdains its galling yoke;
 Base Superstition, Bigotry,
 Now vanish before LIBERTY!

40

THE POLITICAL

Whilst fraternization, pervades the Dutch nation,
 BATAVIA like France may all traitors defy.
 Now LIBERTY's blessings they'll never resign,
 Having all of them tasted its generous flame;
 Neither dungeons nor bastilles nor bolts can confine,
 Nor fierceness their ardour ever can tame:
 To arms! to arms! to arms! they're call'd now—
 And for FREEDOM united their swords now untheath,
 Tho' cold, wet, or parching, French boys still are marching,
 And boldly contending for Freedom—or death!
Tel de vol, &c. &c.

A CHARTER SONG.

Written for the SONS of FREEDOM, a very numerous and respectable SOCIETY held in Aldersgate-street, LONDON.
 AIR—To Anacreon in Heaven.

TO Anacreon we drink in a full-flowing bowl,
 Or chaunt to his praise in a catch or a glee;
 His magic illusions enrapture the soul,
 And delightful to him, must be pleasing to me!
 Trace his origin round, and he'll surely be found,
 Like myself but a mortal that sprung from the earth;
 But mine be the boast, to enliven the toast,
 Of health to each true son of freedom and mirth.

That we're true sons of Freedom is seen by our bowl,
 Which ever shall flow to the health of a friend,
 And Liberty's sons—for we know no controul;
 No troubles disturb us, nor trifles offend;
 By friendship inspir'd! unanimity fir'd!
 The bright sun of HARMONY shone at our birth!
 Each brother in wine, felt its influence divine,
 And hail'd the glad UNION of freedom and mirth.
 Should

His Grace their
 M. Wallade may
 continue in that
 I am, Sir
 Your
 Mr Wickham Esqr

THE POLITICAL

SONG.

BAGATELLE TO FRENCH FREEDOM.

AIR. Malbrout.

CARPENTERS and Sailors,
Milliners and Taylors,
All assemble here, sirs,
All for Liberty!

And if that you will stay,
And do not run away!

You shall see French freedom,
Frenchmen gain their freedom,
Glorious, blessed freedom,
Sing—*Vive la liberté!*

PARIS see this day, sirs,
Is deck'd so fine and gay, sirs,
'Cause tyrants ran away, sirs!
All for Liberty!

Each lad and lass with cockade,
The *champ de Mars* parade,
Singing their songs to freedom,
How Frenchmen gain'd their freedom,
Glorious, heav'n-born freedom,
Sing—*Vive la liberté!*

You hear all Frenchmen tell, sirs,
That horrid earthly hell, sirs,
The *Bastille-prison*, fell, sirs,
All for Liberty!

Where many a wretch enchain'd,
Blest Liberty regain'd,
To sing the song of freedom,
To breathe the air of freedom,
Of glorious, heav'n-born freedom,
Sing—*Vive la liberté!*

The

That we're true sons of Freedom is seen by our bowl,
Which ever shall flow to the health of a friend,
And Liberty's sons—for we know no controul,
No troubles disturb us, nor trifles offend;
By friendship inspir'd! unanimity fir'd!
The bright sun of HARMONY shone at our birth!
Each brother in wine, felt its influence divine,
And hail'd the glad UNION of freedom and mirth.
Should

HARMONIST

The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,
Its just precepts unerring pursue;
Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,
Since base prejudice fades at their view.
Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.
'Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,
MANKIND could I once behold FREE;
Those joys with my breath will I freely resign,
That NEW AGES may taste them like me.

HARMONIST.

The King and Queen betray'd us,
And thought to have dismay'd us,
But they never can degrade us,
Or take our Liberty;
May the HEROES ever live,
Who seiz'd the fugitives,
And brought them back with freedom,
Glorious, blessed freedom,
To see the Nation's freedom,
Sing—*Vive la liberté!*

Then for some wicked job, sirs,
King Louis lost his nob, sirs,
Who would his people rob, sirs,
And make them slaves to be!
But since the Tyrant's gone,
A REPUBLIC now they own!
They'll never yield their freedom,
Glorious, blessed freedom,
Base tyrants now they're freed from,
Sing—*Vive la liberté!*

Aristocrates they hang, sirs,
And a-la lanterne hang, sirs,
Slavery there can't be, sirs,
Instead of Liberty!
See FRANCE mankind invite,
'Gainst bondage to unite!
They'll never shrink from freedom,
Glorious, heav'n-born freedom,
But live and die for freedom,
Singing—*Vive la liberté!*

E 2

SONG.

His Grace their
M. Vallade may
continue in that
I am, Sir
Mr. Wickham

THE POLITICAL

SONG.

On the *FAST-DAY*, in 1795.

AIR. *The roast beef, &c.*

PROCLAMATIONS, inform us that this is the day,
To sanction *base murders* we must fast and pray;
But good DEMOCRATS ne'er will such mandates obey,
But eat the roast beef of old England, &c.

The *bishops*, the *deacons*, the *vicars* and *priests*,
Tho' they publish this *fast* will each have their *feasts*,
And drink, and carouse 'till they're all *drunk* as *beasts*,
Whilst they eat the roast beef, &c.

Neither *courtier* nor *minion* will *fast* for their place,
Those supporters of war and disturbers of peace,
Will each gormandize without once-saying grace,
And eat the roast beef, &c.

Billy *Pitt*, Charley *Jenky*, and Harry *Dundas*,
On this *pious* occasion won't *fast* from their *glass*;
From schemes to enslave, but with faces of *brass*
Will eat the roast beef, &c.

'Gainst *monsters* like these now the poor may well pray,
Who're reduc'd by *base* measures to *fast* ev'ry day;
For *famine* and *war* many thousands do slay,
And waste the roast beef, &c.

A matter quite strange has just enter'd my head,
As most of the people are only *half-fed*,
Pray what can occasion the high price of bread,
And likewise the beef, &c.

GHC3

That we're true sons of Freedom is seen by our bowl,
Which ever shall flow to the health of a friend,
And Liberty's sons—for we know no controul,
No troubles disturb us, nor trifles offend;
By friendship inspir'd! unanimity fir'd!
The bright sun of HARMONY shone at our birth!
Each brother in wine, felt its influence divine,
And hail'd the glad UNION of freedom and mirth.
Should

HARMONIST

The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,
Its just precepts unerring pursue;
Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,
Since *base prejudice* fades at their view.
Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.
'Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,
MANKIND could I once behold FREE;
Those joys with my breath will I freely resign,
That NEW AGES may taste them like me.

HARMONIST.

'Tis very well known we'd have plenty of grain,
If *Pitt* and his *minions* for treaties or gain,
Did not fend it to *Austria*, *Prussia*, and *Spain*,
With the salt beef and pork, &c.

The *minister* sanction's *monopoly's* cause,
And gives his consent to repeal all its laws;
'Twas for this I suppose that he lock'd up our jaws,
To save the roast beef, &c.

Each *placemen* will certainly keep *fast* his *place*,
Burke keep *fast* his *pension* tho' bought with *disgrace*,
'Till *la guillotine* reigns, which must alter the case,
And punish the thieves, &c.

Two GENERALS now have receiv'd a command,
General SLAUGHTER by sea, General FAMINE by land,
And the poor are well thin'd whilst they march hand in hand
To destroy all the men, &c.

But as true DEMOCRATS let us ever unite,
And *fast* upon *fast-days* from morning to night,
Let us laugh at all *priestcraft* the *Pope* and his *spight*,
And enjoy the roast beef of old England, &c.



F 3

SONG.

His Grace their
M. Pallade ma
continue in the
I am,
Sir
Mr. Wickham

THE POLITICAL
SONG.

RETALLATION.

Addressed to DOCTOR HARRINGTON of Bath, who may
(if he pleases) set it to Music; for the present it will
answer to the air of—*The Vicar and Moses*.

THE great MAYOR of Bath,
As *thin* as a lath
With *caxon* full bottom'd and hoary;
Was once a great *Whig*,
When as poor as a pig,
But now he has turn'd a great *Tory*!

ORPHEUS at his birth
Crown'd his natals with mirth,
And disputed with *physic* the prize;
For with *music* in chorus,
And *nostrum* and *bolus*,
They founded his praise to the skies!

Old GALEN soon smil'd,
And call'd him his child,
ÆSCULAPIUS to him's a mere quack;
His *political* pills,
'Gainst *sedition's* worth ills,
He deals out like ev'ry state hack.

The AUTHOR cannot possibly suppress a desire he has of communicating
his readers the circumstances that occasioned the following Satire. The
Character alluded to, was in the year 1793, Mayor of Bath, and in order
to fulfil the very important duties of his station, as well as to carry the laws
of a corrupt ministerial faction, was indefatigable in persecuting those who
opposed its infamous measures; the Author happened to be first on the Doc-
tor's list of proscription, and this sitting—physicking son of *Asclepius*

Which ever shall flow to the health of a friend,
And Liberty's sons—for we know no controul,
No troubles disturb us, nor trifles offend;
By friendship inspir'd! unanimity fir'd!
The bright sun of HARMONY shone at our birth!
Each brother in wine, felt its influence divine,
And hail'd the glad UNION of freedom and mirth.

The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,
Its just precepts unerring pursue;
Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,
Since base prejudice fades at their view.
Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.
'Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,
MANKIND could I once behold FREE
Those joys with my heart

HARMONIST.

With his catches, and glees,
And his med'cines to ease,
His patients he bums to some tune;
And the laws of the land,
He can well understand,
Aye, as well as the man in the moon!
The law must lose force,
When its virtue and course
Are entrusted to such an old prig,
Who can have no pretence
To political sense,
No more than his *mace* or his wig!
There's many a *justiss*,
Of a similar class,
Who possess with more liberal mind,
Would not stretch a *base* plan,
To oppress any MAN
For asserting the rights of this kind;
His *dispositions* are low
And to *forté* won't go,
Grown so old, scarce *piano* can sing;
Still might live to atone
The bad deeds he has done,
'Ere he mounts on *Persephone's* wing!
But he's lost, I much fear,
And to TRUTH shuts his ear;
He may live to repent of this evil,
And the PATRIOT oppress'd,
By this Tyrant distress'd,
May live to fend him to the d---.

after the verdict of a convenient jury, pulled from his waistcoat-pocket a
scroll, and read a sentence of IMPRISONMENT and FINE! with all the self-
sufficiency of ministerial haughtiness. He has in consequence, obtained some
trifling reward for his unabated loyalty, his son has been knighted; and he
has completely defeated himself, like all his coadjutors—the corrupt tolls of
power,—in establishing more firmly the PRINCIPLES they have been hired
to subvert.

SONG.

His Grace their Lordships
M. Vallade may be permitted
continue in that Employment
I am, Sir
Your most humble
Wickham Esq.
Evan

SONG.

THE GRAND MONARQUE.

AIR. *God save the King!*GOD save the *Grand Monarque*,
Pride of St. JAMES'S PARK;*Vive le Monarque!*Send him victorious,
As he rides over his
Slaves so inglorious;*Vive le Monarque!*When he goes to the play,
We join in loud huzza!*Vive le Monarque!*None but vile *Democrats*,
Keeps on their greasy hats,
Whilst they throw large *brickbats*
At our *Monarque!*Soon the *King-killing* crew
Shall feel your vengeance due,
*O! Grand Monarque!**Pitt*, to pass *ACTS* with ire,
A host of *spies* did hire,
He's your worst enemy *Sire*;
*Vive le Monarque!*You are so good and chaste!
With such a noble taste,*O! Grand Monarque!*The *MAGIC PANTOMINE*,
With your *ideas* chime,
Bombast and foolish rhyme;*O! Grand Monarque!*

Ther

That we're true sons of Freedom is seen by our bowl,
Which ever shall flow to the health of a friend,
And Liberty's sons—for we know no controul,
No troubles disturb us, nor trifles offend;
By friendship inspir'd! unanimity fir'd!
The bright sun of HARMONY shone at our birth!
Each brother in wine, felt its influence divine,
And hail'd the glad UNION of freedom and mirth.

Should

The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,
Its just precepts unerring pursue;
Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,
Since base prejudice fades at their view.
Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.
'Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,
MANKIND could I once behold FREE;
Those joys with my breath will I freely rejoin.

Then you can hunt for sport,
Next meet your royal court,
O! Grand Monarque!
Dukes, lords, and garter'd knights,
Pimps, knaves, and parasites,
Your pension'd band unites,
O! Grand Monarque!

Those are a motley groupe,
And we are made their dupes,
O! Grand Monarque!

But soon the time will come,
When with the *Pope* of Rome,
They shall all meet their doom,
O! Grand Monarque!

When all the *SWINE* shall rise,
Out of their murky sties!!!
O! Grand Monarque!!!

They may grunt very loud,
At their oppressors proud,
Or squeak amidst the crowd—
Vive le Monarque!

GLEE.

AIR. *Begone dull care.**BEGONE* base *PITT!*—

And your vile majority!

Begone base *PITT!*—With *MAN'S RIGHTS* you cannot agree;
Long time thou hast been hiring *Spies*.All virtuous *MEN* to kill;But i' faith base *PITT!*—

Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too

His Grace the
M. Vallade m.
continue in the
I am,
Mr. Wickha
Sir

Too many *Knaves*—
 Keep *HONEST MEN* in awe!
 And too many *Slaves*—
 Have inverted Nature's law;
 But *LIBERTY* begins to rise,
 To rouse our Patriot band!
 And *MEN* long blind now ope'd their eyes,
 To save their drooping land!

SONG

THE POLITICAL DREAM.

Air: *Liberty Hall.*

ON my pillow one night as I carelessly lay,
 I thought by some pow'r I was carried away,
 And plac'd in the midst of St. STEPHENS'S-HALL,
 Where the new parliament were convok'd one and all.
Tol de rol, &c.

The old usual scene appear'd acting before me,
 Between Rt. Honourable *Whig*, and Rt. Hon. *Tory*;
 From the LORDS' HOUSE his M---y perch'd on the throne,
 His speech began reading with audible tone,
Tol de rol, &c.

My LORDS and GENTLEMEN!—
 It affords me much pleasure to see,
 Such good understanding between you and me!
 The glorious increase of our commerce and trade,
 And the wonderful conquests my armies have made!
Tol de rol, &c.
 I call

That we're true sons of Freedom is teen by our bowl,
 Which ever shall flow to the health of a friend,
 And Liberty's sons—for we know no controul,
 No troubles disturb us, nor trifles offend;
 By friendship inspir'd! unanimity fir'd!
 The bright sun of HARMONY shone at our birth!
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 Should

The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,
 Its just precepts unerring pursue;
 Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,
 Since base prejudice fades at their view.
 Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.
 'Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,
 MANKIND could I once behold FREE;
 Those joys with my breath will I freely resign,
 That NEW AGES may taste them like me.

I call on my commons to vote the SUPPLIES,
 The rest must depend on my ministers wife!
 My fleets are so numerous over the main,
 That we've little to fear from France, Holland or Spain.
Tol de rol, &c.

And lastly I hope on this weighty occasion,
 Precautions you'll take to prevent an invasion.
 So saying, our m---h whom God save and bless!
 Left the room for his friends to propose an ADDRESS.
Tol de rol, &c.

The address being carried our friend Billy PITT,
 To open his budget thought prudent and fit,
 New taxes, new loans, new pensions, new places,
 With a long speech to gloss over defeats and disgraces!
Tol de rol, &c.

'Tis my wish the kingdom to keep out of trouble,
 A bill to propose the Militias to double;
 With our fam'd Volunteers which Britannia now boasts,
 Our country's secure whilst our fleets watch our coasts!
Tol de rol, &c.

Then Fox quickly rose to oppose the premier,
 Saying—this scheme is not good—and that plan is not clear
 Tho' I thought should they change in the administration,
 John Bull would be just in the same situation.
Tol de rol, &c.

Whilst this rogue and that rogue disputed 'bout plunder,
 A noise I then heard which seem'd louder than thunder;
 A voice to me said—"it is time to depart
 "For old nick now is coming to play a good part!"
Tol de rol, &c.

Then I saw cast before me a NET like a sack,
 And Satan a bundling them all on his back:—
 I awoke with the cries of each bell-frighten'd thief,
 Found it only a dream! to my very great grief!
Tol de rol, &c.
 SONNET.

His Grace their
 M. Vallade m
 continue in the
 I am,
 Sir
 Mr. Wickham

HARMONIST

The RELIGION of NATURE shall be my delight,
 Its just precepts unerring pursue;
 Convinc'd TRUTH and REASON must be in the right,
 Since base *prejudice* fades at their view.
 Where fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.
 Ere Life's evening rays wear the tints of decline,
 MANKIND could I once behold FREE;
 Those joys with my breath will I freely resign,
 That NEW AGES may taste them like me.
 Where fair Freedom resides in the grove,
 With her vot'ries to blend their delight,
 And join the blest concert of sweet peace and love,
 In chorus from morning 'till night.

SONG.

TRIAL BY JURY.

On the honourable acquittal of CITIZEN THOMAS
 HARDY, Nov. 5, 1794.

AIR. *Vicar of Bray.*

ALL hail! great Day! by Britons known,
 The fifth day of November,
 Which shook th' influence of a throne,
 All PATRIOTS must remember;
 That day which found our JURY's voice,
 Supporting Law and Fact, sirs,
 And gave to ENGLISHMEN a choice—
 To think, to speak, to act, sirs.

CHORUS. Rejoice, rejoice Britons, rejoice!

At disappointed fury!
 Our RIGHTS disdain'd, were then maintain'd
 By an IMPARTIAL JURY!

F

'Tis

THE POLITICAL

SONNET. *

TO FREEDOM.

FROM the regions of *guilt* where base Tyrants preside,
 Let me fly to sweet LIBERTY's bow'rs;
 With my LOVE to console—and my FRIEND to confide,
 I can strew life's rough paths with sweet flow'rs
 When fair FREEDOM resides in the grove,
 With her vot'ries I'll ever unite,
 And join with her songsters for sweet peace and love,
 In concert from morning 'till night.

When the *Despot* retires to his couch fraught with fear,
 For the wrongs he has done to Mankind;
 Reclin'd on the pillow of PEACE with my dear,
 Sweet enjoyments securely I find.
 Whilst fair Freedom resides in the grove, &c.

Let th' ambitious dispute about wealth, state, or pow'r,
 In such baubles no charms can I see,
 I'll build me a hut in the midst of the bow'r,
 There live happy, contented, and free.
 Where fair Freedom presides in the grove, &c.

To an Arbour adjoining which rears a large TREE,
 From the sun's scorching rays I'll repair;
 To LIBERTY sacred—the song, catch, and glee,
 Shall enliven each visitor there!
 Whilst fair Freedom presides in the grove, &c.

* It may appear strange to see the limits for poems of this denomination
 so far exceeded; it has been found necessary in order to make a distinction
 between these, and others of a more irregular or satirical kind, to call the for-
 mer SONNETS; the only apology that can now be offered is,—they are poli-
 tical ones.

The

That we're true sons of Freedom is seen by our bow,
 Which ever shall flow to the health of a friend,
 And Liberty's sons—for we know no controul,
 No troubles disturb us, nor trifles offend;
 By friendship inspir'd! unanimity fir'd!
 The bright sun of HARMONY shone at our birth!
 Each brother in wine, felt its influence divine,
 And hail'd the glad UNION of freedom and mirth.

Should

Vallade, Fencing
 Academy, and
 pleased to lay H
 Duke of Portland
 His Grace their
 M. Vallade ma
 continue in the
 I am, Sir
 Wm Wickham

'Tis well to find in these hard times,
Of Slavery and Famine,
REASON and TRUTH are not *high crimes*
For Lawyers to examine;
Tho' INNOCENCE was *guilty* tried
By all the *hiring* trade, sirs,
Still JURIES on those Rights rely'd,
We gain'd at Runnymede, sirs.
Rejoice, rejoice, Britons, rejoice!
At disappointed fury,
Your Rights disdain'd, are still maintain'd
By an IMPARTIAL JURY!
O! Britons, see! in *Scotia's* land,
Base Tyranny is cherish'd;
Corrupted Judges there command,
There WORTH and GENIUS perish'd;
GERRALD, and others, now remark,
The friends to Reformation,
By Juries pack'd and *Justice* Clerk,
Were doom'd to *transportation*!!!
Rejoice, rejoice, Britons, rejoice!
At disappointed fury,
And thankful be, that you are free
From a wicked pack'd Scotch Jury!
Then charge your glasses, fill the Toast,
"To every SON of FREEDOM,"
Let HONEST JURIES be our boast,
May Britons never need 'em;
May TRUTH and JUSTICE ever reign
O'er *legal sophistry*, sirs,
And future ages long retain—
The Right of living FREE, sirs,
Rejoice, rejoice, Britons, rejoice!
Make this a merry season;
The RIGHTS of MAN—on Virtue's plan,
Are JUSTICE—not *high treason*!

SONG.

Shall enliven each visitor there!
Whilst fair Freedom presides in the grove, &c.
* It may appear strange to see the limits for poems of this denomination
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between these, and others of a more irregular or satirical kind, to call the for-
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That were true sons of Freedom,
Which ever shall flow to the health of a friend,
And Liberty's sons—for we know no controul,
No troubles disturb us, nor trifles offend;
By friendship inspir'd! unanimity fir'd!
The bright sun of HARMONY shone at our birth!
Each brother in wine, felt its influence divine,
And hail'd the glad UNION of freedom and mirth.

COACH FORTIFICATION.

AIR. Alley Croker.

YE CITIZENS of every State come listen to my story,
I mean not to record the *honest* deeds of Whigg or Tory;
To find such knaves as those our friends, indeed would be
a wonder,
Who differ only in the way to spend the public plunder!
Our glorious constitution once possess'd some democracy,
But now, alas! most sadly chang'd by knavish a--f--cy!
When men to gain such baubles as a ribband or a garter,
Will betray the People's trust—and their Liberties will
barter!
Our minister's the greatest traitor to our CONSTITUTION,
And rather than support REFORM will bring on revolution!
He conjures up such mighty deeds assisted by his spies sirs,
And keeps the country in alarm by fabricating LIES, sirs.
'Twas thus we see he fram'd his famous pop-gun plot, sirs,
When after shutting men in goal, the scheme was sent to
pot, sirs,
The laws to render more severe his Spies he next appointed,
In the way to meet his parliament, to insult the Lord's
anointed!
The privy council quickly sat, and held a special court, sirs,
And a dreadful plot announc'd upon a constable's report, sirs,
To prevent such daring regicides in future to approach, sirs,
A wise debate was held how they might fortify a coach, sirs.
At length it was agreed upon, it should be fac'd with
copper, sirs,
To preserve the sacred wig-block from a treasonous topper,
sirs!

F 2

Well

at Portsmouth
Le Chevalier
Vallade, fencing Master at
Academy, and to desire you
pleased to lay the same before
Duke of Portland, and to en-
His Grace their Lordships
M. Vallade may be permitted
continue in that Empl
I am

Well lined with a *buffalo's-skin*, and stuff'd between with
wool, firs,
 That the d---l himself had he been there cou'd'nt touch the
 r---l *scull*, firs!

Slow came this *moving-bastille* in heavy cumb'rous state,
 firs,
 That the r---l *animals* I'm sure had never felt such *weight*,
 firs,
 And when the *coachman* whipp'd them hard to make them
 jog on faster,
 Like *Balaam's ass* (could they have *spoke*) they would have
 curs'd their *master*!

The people fill'd with *loyalty* assembled on that day, firs,
 To sing "God save their noble King," and join the loud
huzza, firs,
 When of host a *constables* appear'd,—'twas dangerous to
peak, firs,
 To *wink an eye* might have provok'd a *sentence* like KYD
 WAKE, firs.

Now Citizens be rul'd by me—'twill keep ye out of jail,
 firs,
 Be *loyal subjects* to your King, to praise him never fail, firs;
 Pray for his *holy war* to last, his *taxes* to encrease, firs,
 And shun those wicked *Jacobins* who pray for speedy
peace, firs!



SONG.

Shall enliven each visitor there!

Whilst fair Freedom presides in the grove, &c.

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The

HARMONIST.

57

SONG.

THE COMPLAINT.

AIR. *I lock'd up all my treasure.*

We once had SPEECH and ACTION,
The RIGHTS of MAN enjoy'd!
No ministerial faction—
Our LIBERTIES annoy'd.

A GLORIOUS CONSTITUTION,
With wisdom in its Laws
Which at the Revolution,
Was crown'd with just applause!

Our RIGHTS no longer charter'd,
Injustice now we own,
Our LIBERTIES are barter'd,
And all our FREEDOM's gone!—

SONG.

THE HUMBUGS.

Written on the retreat of the French General JOURDAN.

AIR. *The roast beef, &c.*

PRAY what's all this *boasting* and *bragging* about?
The *Austrians* have put *one* French army to rout;
That *John Bull* has a right to rejoice I much doubt,
But 'tis sport for the *humbugs* of England, &c.
F 3 Tho'

City Office, 9th May

Commanded by my

the Admiralty to

Copy of a Letter

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Vallade, Fencing Master at the

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pleased to lay the same before the

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His Grace their Lordships desire that

M. Vallade may be permitted to

continue in the

Tho' FREEDOM's fair banners awhile seem laid low,
And shrink from the fury of *tyranny's* blow,
Yet 'tis only to rally ten-fold on the foe,
And astonish the *humbugs* of England, &c.

You say should the *Austrians'* successes increase,
It must force proud *Republicans* into a peace;
Now I think it will be quite the *contrary* case,
For all the *humbugs* of Old England, &c.

The *Emperor* fights with *Great Britain's* support,
Whilst *subsidies* last he may keep up his court,
Or like *Prussia* make peace when he's *tir'd* of the sport,
And desert the *humbugs*, &c.

The king of *Sardinia* has just fav'd his crown,
And his *catholic-majesty* starts for renown,
Since he joins with the French to pull *popery* down!
And fight 'gainst the *humbugs*, &c.

The *Pope* in a panic at Liberty sighs,
His *bell, book, and candle*, his subjects despise,
Tho' his *saints* to convince them now *open their eyes!*
And pray for the *humbugs*, &c.

With the *humbugs* in church and the *humbugs* in state,
The *humbugging lawyers* in villainy great,
Poor *John Bull* is *humbugg'd* both early and late,
O! the *humbugs* of Old England, &c.

But JUSTICE, fair goddess! must soon intervene,
And in pity to MANKIND may alter the scene;
Then each *humbug* must bow to the fam'd *guillotine!*
Oh! the *humbugs*, &c.

Jack Ketch will be sure of a fortune pell mell,
Whilst the soul of each *humbug* is posting for h-ll;
To *humbug* old nick must be *humbugging* well!
Oh! the *humbugs* of Old England, &c.

SONG.

Shall enliven each visitor there!

Whilst fair Freedom presides in the grove, &c.

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The

SONG.

On the IRISH INVASION.*

AIR. Ballinamona.

ARRAH, Patrick, arrah; what can mean all this fear,
This talk of invasion—of enemies near?—
To be sure your'e all *mad* if you're going to arm,
Against people who *seriously* mean you no harm!
Ballinamona-oro, the tricks of the *state* you can't see.

Now by *jafus* friend Phelim, you're *only* mistaken,
For I hear they're all landed, and Derry is taken;
To rob, starve, and kill us, those Frenchmen they say,
Ar marching to Dublin from Bantry-bay!

Ballinamona-oro, ogh, I'am ready to *meet* them you see.

To oppose such vile *monsters* I think we've good cause,
Who've destroy'd their *good* king their *religion* and *laws*!
Denied the *infallible* deeds of the *Pope*,—
And condemn'd his *disciples*—their *priests* to the rope!
Ballinamona-oro, no such murdering villains for me.

Blud-a'-nouns, brother Patrick, what *nonsense* you prate,
As I told you before you can't see thro' the *state*;
'Tis your *placemen* and *pensioners* bother your brains,
They *rob*, *starve*, and *tax* ye, and load you with *chains*!
Ballinamona-oro, to oppose *them* we ought to agree.

* IRELAND at this time exhibits a melancholy picture from the baneful effects of ministerial depravity; three millions of its inhabitants disfranchised, and labouring under the weight of penal restrictions, while the insatiable demands of placemen and pensioners are enforced by military despotism at the point of the bayonet. Ask the indigent PEASANT, not half-sheltered in his mud-walled cabin! or the starving ARTISAN with his numerous unhappy offspring, mourning perhaps over their last crust! ask them in the moment of invasion, who are their enemies? and they will point their foreboding hands to the palaces of an unfeeling aristocracy, and to the accumulating domains of unrelenting monopolist—"those are our enemies, those are the men who have forcibly invaded our RIGHTS, and plundered us of our property."

I remember

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I remember the time when *INVASION's* alarms,
 As a *volunteer* forc'd me to take up my arms;
 But our *CAUSE* then was just 'gainst a *tyrant* to fight,
 Our laws were much *milder*, and Ireland was right,
 Ballinamona-oro, no Tyrant in France we now see.

For argument-sake—suppose France should be beat,
 Pray what great *advantage* would you and I get?
 We might both lose our lives to keep *rascals* in place,
 Or live to see *taxes* and *pensions* increase.
 Ballinamona-oro, no *absentee-nobles* for me.

If your *COUNTRY* don't rouse you, its *miseries* must—
 For the *war* you're engag'd in is *base* and *unjust*!
 Your insolent *rulers* make *FREEMEN* your *foes*,
 They share all the *spoils*, and make you bear the *blows*!
 Ballinamona-oro, no *oppressors* of mankind for me.

Remember the *Ass heavy-laden* we're told,
 Who warn'd by his master—the *foe* to behold;
 His pace would not alter his *driver* to please,
 Well knowing *compliance* no burden could ease,
 Ballinamona-oro, a *change* must make Irishmen *FREE*!

By faint *Patrick* you know we are all of *ONE* flock,
 Our *CREATOR* has form'd us from one common stock;
 And tho' seas roll around us, and rivers between,
 Should we quarrel with *those* who we never have *seen*?
 Ballinamona-oro, *Fraternity's* blessings for me!

Now *Phelim* you're right, my lad, give me your hand,
 You've explain'd to my mind—what I well understand;
 If I fire against *FREEMEN* *gunpowder* or *lead*,—
 May the d—l keep *firing* me *after* I'm dead!
 Ballinamona-oro, the *RIGHTS* of *Hibernia* for me.

SONG.

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Whilst fair Freedom presides in the grove, &c.

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The

SONG.

THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

AIR. from *Comus*.

NOW Tyrants, mankind's greatest pest,
Are sinking in the east and west;—
Priestcraft's curfed spell is broke,
Men shake off its galling yoke!

CHORUS.

Plant, O! plant, fair Freedom's TREE,
Sacred to dear LIBERTY!— da capa-

Now slavery from GALLIA flies,
LIBERTY alone they prize;
Frenchmen join the glorious Cause,
For equal Rights, and equal Laws!

Plant, O! plant, fair Freedom's TREE!—
Sacred to dear LIBERTY!—

Then shall we BRITONS tamely see,
Ev'ry Nation round us free,
Kiss oppression's iron rod,
Bow to man instead of GOD!

Ah! no, like FRANCE, resist, be free!
And plant the Tree of LIBERTY!—

The TREE now planted in our earth,
Takes deep root, gives FREEDOM birth,
All the Nations round it throng,
Taste its fruits, and join the song!

CHORUS.

Hail! all hail! fair Freedom's TREE!
Ever bloom to LIBERTY!—

STANZAS.

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STANZAS.

Descriptive of the great and glorious transition in the Government of FRANCE, from absolute despotism, to National Liberty.

SEE the court of great FRANCE first by nobles disgrac'd,
The monarch in splendour above them high-plac'd;
With what despotic grandeur he looks on his slaves,
And his nod, or his frown all his tyranny waves;
'Midst his courtiers and flatterers soft'ning his ear,
No complaints from poor mortals he'll deign now to hear
Surrounded by guards that his orders await,——
He thinks himself something above mortal state.

Next view that fair *force's* that's link'd to his soul,
In the mansions of bliss the oppressors now roll,
In the vale of enjoyment no horns does he dread,
Nor the torrent of mis'ries which hang o'er his head;
Could he but relax from his joys for a-while,
He'd find base deceit close-ally'd to each smile,
Fear, famine, and fury, which stain'd Louis' name,
May justly be deem'd to have sprung from this dame!

Now see Louis soaring in grandeur and state,
And vile Antoinette in ambition so great;
When the poor ghastly form of LIBERTY in rags,
Erinnys' offspring to the forum she drags,
With what horror the concord would break which before
On eagle-fledg'd wings to Olympus could soar!
This first ray of sun-shine so gladden'd the earth,
That its gentle diffusions gave prodigies birth!

Turn your eyes to that prison of horror and dread,
Where hundreds of living lay tomb'd with the dead,
Where the PATRIOT-husband was torn from his wife,
A letter-de-cachet immur'd him for life;
But the PEOPLE inspir'd for blest Freedom advance,
An attack in commence, and Mars wields the lance;

To its base see it's levell'd, whilst shouts
The grandest of monarchs begins now to
This island of misery—this mansion of dr
As it breaks stirs the crannies of each cap
At each clash of the faulchion, the axe,
Good God! they all cry—what new hor
With breasts quite expanded for tyranny
Or the best subterfuge of a respite from w
The HEROES all enter! their terrors dep
And the bright lamp of Freedom doth glo

Now JUSTICE and MERCY each Patriot
Directing their councils, and approving
The People's great Laws to the monarch
To meet his kind sanction to FREEDOM
With what seeming joy the new code he
Then swears, breaks his faith, and the l
Still alas! they believe him yet true to th
The basest of monarchs thus meets their

Here let cool reflection a moment but p
And see Louis smiling whilst signing the
Search his heart to its core's-depth, no
But's shadow'd and moulded by Antoin
The dispenser of ev'ry good he'd have
Had not this fell fair-one polluted the so
And held up that spectre of general sway
When from her as from Heav'n it brigh

A subject takes place to enlighten the
The monarch takes flight with his ma
The People now find their opinions mi
And their dear MAGNA CHARTA by tyr
With vigilance arm'd the traitors pursu
'Till taken with shame their duplicity
But again, O! sweet mercy! all barrier
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8th May 1798

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Or the best subterfuge of a respite from woe—
The HEROES all enter! their terrors depart,
And the bright lamp of Freedom doth glow in

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Search his heart to its core's-depth, no gleam
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The dispenser of ev'ry good he'd have been,
Had not this fell fair-one polluted the scene,
And held up that spectre of general sway,
When from her as from Heav'n it brighten'd!

A subject takes place to enlighten the scene,
The monarch takes flight with his magical q
The People now find their opinions misplac'd,
And their dear MAGNA CHARTA by tyrants dis
With vigilance arm'd the traitors pursue,—
Till taken with shame their duplicity view;
But again, O! sweet mercy! all barriers bear
The basest of monarchs again, grasps the crown

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The People now find their opinions misplac'd,
And their dear MAGNA CHARTA by tyrants dis
With vigilance arm'd the traitors pursue,
'Till taken with shame their duplicity view:
But again, O! Great

To its base see it's levell'd, whilst shouts rend the air,
The grandest of monarchs begins now to fear.

This *island* of misery—this mansion of dread,
As it breaks stirs the crannies of each *captive's* head;
At each clash of the faulchion, the axe, and the pike,
Good God! they all cry—what new horrors now strike!
With breasts quite expanded for *tyranny's* blow,
Or the best subterfuge of a respite from woe—
The *HEROES* all enter! their terrors depart,
And the bright lamp of Freedom doth glow in each heart.

Now *JUSTICE* and *MERCY* each Patriot fees,
Directing their councils, and approving decrees;
The People's great Laws to the monarch's now brought,
To meet his kind sanction to *FREEDOM* of *THOUGHT*!
With what *seeming* joy the new code he receives,
Then *swears*, breaks his faith, and the People deceives;
Still alas! they believe him yet true to their cause,
The *basest* of monarchs thus meets their applause.

Here let cool reflection a moment but pause,
And see *Louis* smiling whilst signing the laws;
Search his heart to its core's-depth, no gleam will ye find,
But's shadow'd and moulded by *Antoinnette's* mind;
The dispenser of ev'ry good he'd have been,
Had not this fell *fair-one* polluted the scene,
And held up that *spectre* of general sway,
When from her as from Heav'n it brighten'd his way!

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The *monarch* takes flight with his magical queen;
The People now find their opinions misplac'd,
And their dear *MAGNA CHARTA* by *tyrants* disgrac'd
With vigilance arm'd the traitors pursue,—
'Till taken with shame their duplicity view;
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On the *tenth* of a month what new horrors commence,
To paint such vile deeds quite appalls the weak sense;
The populace lur'd by their monarch and queen,
In the *Thuilleries* gardens all walking were seen,
With affections of loy'lty each Patriot was led, —
When a treacherous *signal* prostrates hundreds dead!
But the brave MARSELLOIS *priests* and *swiss* well oppos'd,
Forc'd in—sav'd the People—and the *traitors* depos'd!

Such civil engagements of blood against Truth,
Were fought by those *tyrants* devoid of all ruth,
Conspiracies form'd thro' ambition and lust,
Hourly number'd the People in heaps with the dust
'Till heav'n-born justice by cruelty shook,
The cause of these havocs in close question took;
She found it was *Louis*! stood shock'd at the thought,
And decreeing—his head to the *guillotine* brought!

Base *Louis*' dissection fills monarchs with grief,
To van-guards and battalions they fly for relief;
All *courts* now conspires against Freedom's blest name,
But the balsam of life is the general theme,
Each friend to existence, and its glorious good,
Are epicures all now for Freedom's sweet food,
The court-pamper'd *minions* alone now oppose
The planting of Freedom and culling of woes!

But the time is approaching when TRUTH shall arise,
With REASON combining to award the fair prize;
No despotic grandeur shall move in their train,
No *blood-thirsty* villains to suck ev'ry vein;
Our courts shall be crowded, yet free from all vice,
Each modest ear bent to await the blest choice;
And JUSTICE proclaim to a voice passing sweet,
That the fair LIBERTY greet!

ON A L

AIR.

COME listen to my d
The Prince has ty'd a k
The Royal House of Ha
Is likely now to last—

The King he said unto h
debt, sir,
So you must have a *Wife*
I'll have you send to Ge
Their Highnesses Serene,

The Prince he said good B
You may send for which y
There's *Caroline* of Brun
Do you but pay my debts,

To pay your debts *myself*,
For F. & W. & all the rest
But J. Bull that pays for all
Do you prepare to wed, a

The Princess she was ask'd
The mighty Duke her fath
She left her home so dear,
And merrily to E.

On the *tenth* of a month what new horrors commence,
To paint such vile deeds quite appalls the weak sense;
The populace lur'd by their monarch and queen,
In the *Thuileries* gardens all walking were seen,
With affections of loyalty each Patriot was led,
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Our courts shall be crowded, yet free from all vice,
Each modest ear bent to await the blest choice;
And JUSTICE proclaim to a voice passing sweet,
Let ALL Nations and People fair LIBERTY greet!

SONG.

shall enliven each visitor there!

Whilst fair Freedom presides in the grove, &c.

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The

That we're true sons of Freedom is seen by our bowl,
Which ever shall flow to the health of a friend,
And Liberty's sons—for we know no controul,
No troubles disturb us, nor trifles offend;
By friendship inspir'd! unanimity fir'd!
The bright sun of HARMONY shone at our birth!
Each brother in wine, felt its influence divine,
And hail'd the glad UNION of freedom and mirth.

Should

ON A LATE WEDDING

AIR. Bow wew wew.

COME listen to my ditty, ye loyal men
The Prince has ty'd a knot at last that never
The Royal House of Hanover, the darling
Is likely now to last—for another gene
Bow wew

The King he said unto his Son, you know
debt, sir,
So you must have a Wife—'tis in vain to be
I'll have you send to Germany, to fetch a
Their Highnesses Serene, you may pick the

The Prince he said good Father, if you will
You may send for which you please & she sh
There's *Caroline* of Brunswick has got a p
Do you but pay my debts, and I'll take it at

To pay your debts myself, I should be much
For *F. & W.* & all the rest, would ask of m
But *J. Bull* that pays for all, will pay you ne
Do you prepare to wed, and I'll speak to l

The Princess she was ask'd, and she neede
The mighty Duke her father, bestow'd on
She left her home so dear, and embark'd up
And merrily to England she came for her
G.

Tallade

Acade

pleased

Duke of

His Gra

M. Va

continu

I am,

Mr. Wickh

SONG.

ON A LATE WEDDING.

AIR. Bow wow wow.

COME listen to my ditty, ye loyal men of London.
The Prince has ty'd a knot at last that never can be undone
The Royal House of Hanover, the darling of the Nation,
Is likely now to last—for another generation.

Bow wow wow.

The King he said unto his Son, you know you're deep in
debt, fir,
So you must have a Wife—'tis in vain to bounce & fret fir,
I'll have you send to Germany, to fetch a pretty Cousin,
Their Highnesses Serene, you may pick them by the dozen.

The Prince he said good Father, if you will find the money,
You may send for which you please & she shall be my honey
There's Caroline of Brunswick has got a pretty hand fir,
Do you but pay my debts, and I'll take it at command, fir.

To pay your debts myself, I should be much to blame, son,
For F. & W. & all the rest, would ask of me the same, son;
But J. Bull that pays for all, will pay you need not doubt it,
Do you prepare to wed, and I'll speak to Pitt about it.

The Princess she was ask'd, and she needed little pressing;
The mighty Duke her father, bestow'd on her his blessing.
She left her home so dear, and embark'd upon the ocean,
And merrily to England she came for her promotion.

G

And

SONG.

City Office, 9th May 1798

Commanded by my Lord,

the Admiralty to

Copy of a Letter

received from Sir

Governor of the

at Portsmouth,

Le Chevalier de la

Vallade, Fencing Master at the

Academy, and to desire you will be

pleased to lay the same before the

Duke of Portland, and to express to

His Grace their Lordships desire that

M. Vallade may be permitted to

continue in that Employment.

I am, Sir

Your most humble Servant

Wm Wickham Esqr

Edmund Keble

And when she met the Bridegroom, she paid her humble
duty;
He took her kindly round the waist, and show'd the folks
her beauty.
But now that you are married, Sir, adieu to *dice* and *harlot*,
And stick as closely to your rib as Royal George to
Charlotte.

SONG.

PARKER'S DYING APPEAL TO THE SEAMEN.

AIR: *Cease rude Boreas.*

You who plough the briny Ocean,
You who labour hard on land—
You who lull on downy pillows,
Ruling with Tyrannic hand,
Listen to my doleful story,
Scorn not truth tho' sung by me!
Madly bent on Britain's glory—
While a Boy I went to sea.

Freedom's charms my heart elated,
Freedom's praise I proudly sung;
Where old England's foes defeated,
Lord or Duke loud plaudits rung:
Quite convinc'd we freedom sought for,
Bold we triumph'd o're the waves;
But when *Equal Rights* we sought for,
Alas! I found we were but *Slaves*.

All

shall enliven each visitor there!

Whilst fair Freedom presides in the grove, &c.

* It may appear strange to see the limits for poems of this denomination
so far exceeded; it has been found necessary in order to make a distinction
between these, and others of a more irregular or satirical kind, to call the for-
mer SONNETS; the only apology that can now be offered is,—they are poli-
tical ones.

The

That we're true sons of Freedom, seen by our bowl,
Which ever shall flow to the health of a friend,
And Liberty's sons—for we know no controul,
No troubles disturb us, nor trifles offend;
By friendship inspir'd! unanimity fir'd!
The bright sun of HARMONY shone at our birth!
Each brother in wine, felt its influence divine,
And hail'd the glad UNION of freedom and mirth.

Should

All we ask'd, no
Could in *Jup*
Little dream'd I
Like a dog m
I oppos'd each v
French propos
Oh! had I but
Laurels had b

Hard the fate o
Torn from *Ch*
Robb'd of all the
Doom'd to dra
Forc'd to face ur

—Mur
If a Monarch

Brother mesmate
In a halter hun
Can you now in c
Ruin waits you
Talk no more of
That you're g
You're immers'd
All you're *Man*

Was not I by you
Your joint grie
Now you've left
Yet I'll boldly
Life I deem not v
If in *Slav'ry's*
Seamen take my fa
Freemen live, o

Mr. Wickham

All we ask'd, no man of reason,
 Could in Justice e're refuse—
 Little dream'd I for high Treason,
 Like a dog my life I'd loose;
 I oppos'd each violent motion—
 French propofals I debar'd,
 Oh! had I but cross'd the ocean,
 Laurels had been my reward.

Hard the fate of brother Seamen,
 Torn from Children, Friends, and wives—
 Robb'd of all the rights of Freemen,
 Doom'd to drag out wretched lives:
 Forc'd to face unnumber'd danger—
 ————bear the Tyrants blow!
 ————Murder friendly Strangers,
 If a Monarch wills it so!

Brother mesmates can you see me,
 In a halter hung for you?
 Can you now in danger leave me?
 Ruin waits you—if you do:—
 Talk no more of British Bravery,
 That you're gen'rous no more boast;
 You're immers'd in silent Slav'ry,
 All you're Manly Spirit's lost.

Was not I by you elected—
 Your joint grievances to state?
 Now you've left me unprotected,
 Yet I'll boldly meet my FATE:
 Life I deem not worth preserving,
 If in Slav'ry's Chains I lie—
 Seamen take my farewell Blessing!
 Freemen live, or Freemen DIE.

G 2

SONG

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I am, Sir

Your most humble servant

Wm Wickham Esq

Evan Keegan

SONG.

BY THE COBLER OF CASTLETON.

AIR. *A Cobler there was, &c.*

GOOD People, we soon shall of all be bereft,
 You'll never learn Wit while a Penny is left;
 You are all like the Dog, in the fable betray'd,
 To let go the Substance and snatch at the Shade.

Derry Down, &c.

Our best Blood is spilt for a wicked pretence,
 Our pockets are drain'd by a foreign expence;
 Fellow Men we are murd'ring and waste all our chink,
 For it goes, for it goes to the Devil I think.

To please our great men, we thus are ill-treated,
 At home we are humbug'd and abroad are defeated;
 For all our hard fighting, we get nothing but blows,
 But the end on't, the end on't, the Lord above knows.

In Pensions to Knaves we pay MONEY GALORE,
 And like asses we then toil and labour for more;
 But at last we shall find, when we come to the push,
 That a bird in the hand, is worth two in the bush.

We pay for our new born, we pay for our dead,
 We pay if we're single, we pay if we wed;
 To shew that our merciful Senate don't fail,
 To begin at the Head, and tax down to the Tail.

Since

shall enliven each visitor there!

Whilst fair Freedom presides in the grove, &c.

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 And hail'd the glad UNION of freedom and mirth.

Should

Since it has been resolv'd by our Lords and our Knights,
To sounce us, and make us pay dear for our lights,
Why should we be penn'd up like beasts in the Ark?
Why should we? Why should we be kept in the dark?

Now let us resolve then to die or be free,
Nor to Taxes destructive, like Slaves to agree;
But stand forward my friends and boldly advance,
We've learnt a new lesson from Patriots of France.

SONG.

THE TENDER'S HOLD.

AIR. *The Hardy Tar.*

WHILST landsmen wander uncontrol'd,
And boast the rights of freemen,
O view the tender's loathsome hold,
Where droops your injur'd seamen;
Drag'd by Oppression's savage grasp,
From every dear connexion,
Midst putrid air, O see them gasp!
O mark their deep dejection.

CHORUS.

Blush, then, ye mean, ye pension'd host,
Who wallow in profusion,
For yon foul cell proves all your boast
To be but meer delusion.

If liberty

Admty Office, 9th May 1798

commanded by my Lords

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I am, Sir

Your most humble Servant

Wm Wickham Esqr.

Edw Keegan

If liberty be our's, O! say,
 Why are not all protected?
 Why is the hand of Russian sway
 'Gainst seamen thus directed?
 Is this your proof of British rights?
 Is this rewarding bravery?
 O shame to boast your tars exploits,
 And doom those tars to slavery.

When first returned from noxious skies,
 Or Winter's raging ocean,
 To land the sun-burnt seamen flies,
 Imprest by strong emotion;
 His much lov'd wife, his children dear,
 Around him cling delighted,
 But lo! the impressing fiends appear!
 And ever joy is blighted.

Then from each soft endearment torn,
 Behold the seaman languish;
 His wife and children left forlorn,
 The prey of bitter anguish.
 Bereft of him whose vig'rous strength
 From want had them defended,
 They droop, and all their woes at length
 Are in a workhouse ended.

Mark, ye minions of a court,
 Who prate of Freedom's blessing,
 Whom every hell-born war support,
 And vindicate impressing:
 A time will come when beings like you,
 Mere *baubles of creation*,
 No more will make mankind pursue,
 The works of devastation.

A NEW SONG,

Shall enliven each visitor there!

Whilst fair Freedom presides in the grove, &c.

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A NEW SONG.

THE pomp of Courts, and power of Kings,
 I prize above all Earthly things;
 I love my Country, but the KING!
 Above all Men, his praise I sing,
 The Royal Banners are display'd,
 And may success the Standard aid.

AN OLD TUNE.

I fain would banish far from hence,
 The Rights of MAN and common Sense,
 Destruction to his *Odious* reign,
 That plague of PRINCES *Thomas Paine*.
 Defeat and ruin seize the Cause,
 Of France, her Liberties, and Laws.

finis.

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Edw. Keear

Wm Wickham Esq.

301 — *Diplom
The Word
in the Ordinance
of Chatham and*

8th May 1798

SONG

VA OLD TUNE

Shall entice each visitor there!

Whilst fair Freedom presides in the grove, &c.

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The

That we're true sons of Freedom, born by our bow,
Which ever shall flow to the health of a friend,
And Liberty's sons—for we know no controul,
No troubles disturb us, nor trifles offend;
By friendship inspir'd! unanimity fir'd!
The bright sun of HARMONY shone at our birth!
Each brother in wine, felt its influence divine,
And hail'd the glad UNION of freedom and mirth.

Should